

MARCHING TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

Words by SERJEANT TREW BLEW, U. S. A.

AIR—Marching Through Georgia.

1. Bring the good old hal-lot, boys, we'll have an-oth-er round,
2. We want no Czar of Rus-sia to ve-to pen-sion bills,
3. We can't for-get that Cleve-land had on-ly scorns and sneers,
4. We want a hero in the van to lead us as of yore,
5. Good-bye to Grov-er Cleve-land, good-bye, a last good-bye,

INTRODUCTION.

Fight-ing for our lib-er-ty, for 'tis a joy-ful sound, With Har-ri-son to lead us, we vets will hold the ground,
And feed our hun-gry com-rades on prom-iss-ion's blood-ry pills, We'll sweep the path of pro-gress of all such fa-tal ills,
For those who battled bravely in our na-tion's blood-ry years, We can't for-get the wid-ow, the lone-ly or phans'teers,
A man of heart like Lin-corn, with the Stars and Stripes before, We want no crav-en in-sult from the Presi-den-tial floor,
For Har-ri-son has come to stay, he's hung his banner high; An equal show for high or low, for this we'll do or die,

SOPRANO & ALTO.
As we go march-ing to the White House. Hur-rah, hur-rah, we'll bring the ju-bi-lee; Hur-rah, hur-rah, the

TENOR & BASS.

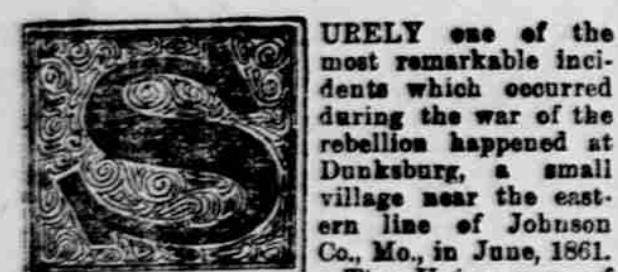
flag that makes you free; With Har-ri-son our lead-er, we'll ve-to Grov-er C. As we go march-ing to the White House.

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FOUGHT IN THE DARK.

The Remarkable but True Story of the Battle of Dunksburg.

BY F. E. LINDBERGH.



URELY one of the most remarkable incidents which occurred during the war of the rebellion happened at Dunksburg, a small village near the eastern line of Johnson Co., Mo., in June, 1861.

The Union men of Johnson County had organized several companies of Home Guards for self-protection, as the Confederates were rapidly organizing and concentrating their forces, which they styled the "State Guards," in the vicinity of Brownsville. The loyal men who till the soil and had to put in crops were compelled to go heavily armed, and work their land in squads of from 10 to 15, so as to guard against bushwhackers, who were becoming very troublesome, having recently killed several farmers who had ventured out in their fields alone.

Capt. McGuire, of Co. C, 27th Mo. Home Guards, with 70 men, was stationed at Dunksburg early in June, and hearing that a large force of rebels was concentrating at Brownsville, under Gen. Joe Shelby, only seven miles distant, he sent out couriers with dispatches asking for reinforcements, as he had little hope of being able with his handful of men to cope with the superior numbers of the enemy in case of attack. He hoped, however, that before Gen. Shelby got ready to move sufficient help would arrive to make it interesting for the Yankees.

On the day following the dispatch of the couriers a detachment of Co. E, 27th Mo. Home Guards, numbering 30 men, in command of Lieut. W. E. Chester, arrived at Dunksburg about dusk, and soon found their way to the church on the outskirts of the village, where Capt. McGuire and his men were quartered. The church was a frame structure, capable of holding about 300 men, but as a place of defense it was useless, being simply sided up with half-inch pine boards, and a minute-hall could easily have gone through half a dozen such walls, but as a shelter from the rain, which was falling when Chester arrived, it served the purpose very well.

Capt. McGuire did not anticipate an attack before enough of his regiment would be on hand to give the enemy something to do. But every precaution was taken to guard against surprise; pickets were posted on the different roads leading into the town, and a strong camp guard was placed around the church.

By 11 o'clock the last candle was extinguished and soon the men were wrapped in slumber, and no sound save the slow tramp of the sentries as they paced to and fro upon their benches, and an occasional "stomp" of a horse could be heard. A slow, drizzling rain continued to fall with little prospect, apparently, of soon abating. It was about midnight when the sentinel whose beat lay across the road east of the church heard approaching footsteps down the road, and when in halting distance he leveled his gun and saw out.

"Halt! Who comes there?"

"A friend," came the answer.

"Advance and give the countersign."

The newcomer, who was immediately turned over to the Sergeant of the Guard, proved to be a lad of 12 years of age, who said he wished to see the commander immediately, claiming to have important news to communicate. Capt. McGuire was at once aroused, and the boy conducted to his presence. He informed the officer that his mother, who lived near the village, had sent him to tell the Union forces that her brother, who was then with Gen. Shelby, had told her that Col. McDowell with 500 Confed-

erates intended to surround the church and capture McGuire and his entire command. The boy claimed that his father was a member of Co. E, 27th Mo. His statement was soon confirmed by members of the company, who stated that the boy's father was then on duty with the balance of the company, some 15 miles distant. The information which the lad imparted naturally created a sensation in camp, and soon every man was awakened and put under arms ready for immediate attack. Then a council of war was held, and after a brief consultation it was decided that as the church would be a detriment rather than an advantage in case of attack, the men being too closely bunched and the walls of the building affording no protection, it would be the part of wisdom to vacate the church at once and move to a more advantageous position. Accordingly the men were hastily armed, the pickets called in, and in less than half an hour the command was moving. They marched about a mile west and halted in a heavy piece of timber, where it was concluded to remain and await further developments.

The men were dismounted and ordered to hold their horses by the bridle ready to mount at a moment's notice.

About 2 o'clock in the morning Capt. McGuire and his men were suddenly startled by the rapid discharge of fire-arms in the direction of the church. Volley after volley followed each other in quick succession, which indicated unmistakably that a sharp engagement was on. What could it mean? Had a large body of Union troops arrived and encountered the rebels near the church? Such seemed to be the case. In order, if possible, to ascertain the truth of the matter, the Captain detailed a Sergeant and six men, and sent them forward to reconnoiter and learn the position of the rebels, so that he might be able to join them with his command and take part in the fight. At the same time he ordered his men to mount. He then moved them to within 600 yards of the church, where a halt was called to await the result of the Sergeant's investigation.

Meantime the firing continued with unabating vigor, several stray bullets coming in close proximity to some of the men. The Sergeant returned, and reported that owing to the intense darkness he was unable to distinguish friend from foe, and that the bullets flew so thick and fast around him and his men that he thought it the better part of valor to retire.

After hearing the Sergeant's report the Captain decided to remain where they were until daylight, as nothing could be done in such Egyptian darkness.

The firing continued for about an hour, when it gradually ceased, until finally not a sound in the direction of the church could be heard. The battle was evidently over, but what was the result? Had the Federal arms been victorious, or had they suffered defeat? These were questions not easily solved by our men, and only by the coming of daylight could the result be learned.

When at length the gray streaks of dawn began to appear in the east, the Captain sent out several scouts with instructions to scour the country and try to locate the enemy. He then ordered the command to advance slowly toward the church. They had not gone very far when one of the scouts came galloping back and reported that he had gone within a short distance of the church, but saw no troops of any kind. By this time it had become light enough to see a considerable distance, and our men moved forward at a more rapid gait, which soon brought them up to the church.

Dead and wounded rebels to the number of about 40 were lying on all sides of the church, showing plainly that a sanguinary conflict had taken place. But as no Federal dead or wounded could be found, it seemed evident that our men had been victorious and driven the enemy from the field. But where were they? Had they repulsed the rebels and were now pursuing them? While Capt. McGuire was pondering over the matter, a dozen Confederates with a flag of truce arrived on the scene and asked permission to care for their wounded and bury their dead. One of the Confederates remarked:

"You Yanks fought like the d—n! But if you had not been so strongly fortified in the church I believe we would have taken you in."

This observation puzzled the Captain ex-

actly, and he asked: "Whose command were you fighting? Were you pursued?"

"You fellows in that church, of course. No, we were not pursued after we started to retreat," replied the rebel.

These remarks caused the Captain to commence an investigation. He examined the church and found the door locked, just as he had left it, showing that no one had been inside; but the building was literally riddled with bullets going straight through the walls and killing and wounding so many of their own men that they retreated under the impression that they had been repulsed by our men.

It was subsequently learned that these were substantially the facts in the case, and not a Federal gun was fired at the battle of Dunksburg.

Capt. W. E. Chester, who is now a Special Agent of the Memphis Railroad Company, recently remarked to the writer that the old church still stands there, showing the bullet marks as plainly as ever.

CAN'T GET JUSTICE

Through the Medical Examining Boards in the South.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I want to say something in regard to Medical Examining Boards in the South, and show the injustice done the old soldiers by these Boards. I, for one, believe that such Boards should be constituted and represented by Surgeons who themselves were old Union soldiers; but am sorry to say that is not the case. Take, for instance, the Board at Little Rock, Ark. Dr. Ayers, the President of the Board, was a Surgeon in the Federal army; the other two gentlemen, as I understand, were not in any army; both are comparatively speaking, too young. I do not know what their political sentiments may be, nor does that cut any figure in the case. The point I want to make is simply this: What fraternal feeling can there exist in the heart of a physician who never was in the army towards an old veteran soldier who served his country in the hours of need? They know nothing of the hardships and privations of the long and weary marches, etc., that the old Federal soldier was exposed to. Again, no doubt, many of them are not in sympathy with the old soldier—not with his afflictions, from which thousands of them suffer, and which are the result of the service.

The Board at Helena, Ark., is similarly constituted. The President, one Dr. Jaques, was an old Union Army Surgeon; but both of the others, I am confident, were either very young at the time of the war, or born at all before the war. Now I have no personal feeling toward these young doctors, but only ask, in justice to the old soldiers, is this right? Should not the Boards be composed (if possible) from old Union Army Surgeons?

To demonstrate a case in view I will recite my own, and you and all other comrades will readily see that I was not fairly treated by the Board upon my last examination, some 18 months ago, and to prove my assertion will here quote an extract from a letter received, and now in my possession, from a comrade in Minnesota, Minn. Said comrade writes to me, under date of Sept. 19, 1892, thus: "I notice your inquiry in Correspondence column of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. My case is similar to yours as I understand yours. Slight exercise brings down my rectum; bleeds frequently, and needs the attention and aid of another person after each act of the bowels. Like you, I am rated at \$24 per month. I also am trying to get the benefit of the \$50-act."

Right here I want to say no doubt but what the comrade is fully entitled to his present rating and pay, perhaps, he is entitled to the benefit of the act of July 16, 1892; but what I am after is to show that we Union soldiers who unfortunately live in the South do not even get what we are entitled to.

To prove that fact I will here give a brief statement of my disabilities as a comparison between the comrade in Minnesota and my own. I contracted piles while in the service (U. S. Navy). Soon after my discharge they became so bad that I was able to work only part of my time. Prolapsus ani soon followed, with large tumors, which would be exposed externally with each action of the bowels. In

1871 I was operated upon and one large tumor, the size of a small hickory nut, was successfully removed. The doctor who performed the operation told me at that time that several large tumors were located internally, and that he feared that in the near future they would cause me severe suffering, and perhaps might terminate in fistula in ano. This proved to be true, for ever since the Spring of 1877, the year I removed to this State, I have been afflicted with fistula in ano, piles, and prolapsus ani; also severe ulceration. When I applied for pension in 1889 I was first rated at \$10 per month by the Board at Helena, Ark. I have since seen me almost daily for the past 14 years. They also certified that, in their opinion, I was totally disabled. Yet when I was ordered before the Board at Helena (where two of the Surgeons are young men), they reported my case adversely, and the result was my claim for increase was rejected.

Now, what I want to call the attention of the Department, as well as the comrades all over the country to, is this: That the comrade in Minnesota, from whose letter I quote an extract, has received justice at the hands of the Examining Surgeons, for his afflictions are very serious, and he is entitled to \$24 per month. But I, a poor Union sailor who unfortunately lives in the South—and I know that my disabilities are greater than the comrade's in Minnesota—cannot even get an increase to \$20 per month, all on account of the report of the Medical Board, the affidavits of my family physician and that of my neighbors notwithstanding. Comrades, is that justice?

In conclusion I will say, don't come South. This is no country for an old Federal soldier, no matter though he be a Democrat.—ALON G. KETCHUM, U. S. S. Silver Lake, No. 23, Cotton Plant, Ark.

Anecdote of Gen. Grant.

[Home Magazine.]

It was shortly after his return from the journey round the world, during which he had received a continuous ovation, that he was invited to a pleasant city in Illinois, not far from his former home, Galena. Here he had been for many hours the center of public attention, and on arriving at the hospitable home where he was to spend the night, went to the piazza with his host and a few personal friends to enjoy a well-earned rest.

The gentlemen were chatting and smoking when the hostess, summoned to the library, found there a group of bright-eyed little girls, each provided with an autograph album, who eagerly told her that they had come to ask Gen. Grant to sign his name in their books. Remembering the fatigue of the past few hours, she hesitated an instant, but, unwilling to disappoint the little ones, went to her guest and presented their petition. Gen. Grant instantly sprang up, unlocked the library, entered the room, and wrote his name in the book, addressing a few pleasant words to each little maid in turn. Nor was this all. When the last album was closed, the popular idol, who tactfully had become almost as proverbial as Von Moltke's, lingered for several minutes talking merrily with the children before he returned to his friends.

They tripped home in the utmost delight, vying with one another in sounding his praises, and, in the eyes of his hostess at least, the Nation's hero had added another leaf to his laurels.

I have arrived at the age of fully threescore and have been a lifelong Democrat, but I am fully satisfied that Cleveland is not the friend of the soldiers and should not receive our support.—Gen. E. C. Burt.



Flowers are almost as much used for trimming this Winter's hats as they were for last Summer's. Roses and violets are oftentimes seen. A black velvet hat with a row of little red roses around the crown and fastened in with the other trimming is very pretty. Violets are used mostly on the green hats, of which there are a great many. A neat, modest little hat was rather round in shape with a narrow, curling brim outlined with a brown and green braid; the hat was a dark-brown, low-crowned felt. In the front was an Alsatian bow made of many loops of narrow, brown velvet ribbon. In the center of the bow an alight was fastened. The narrow brim was turned up in the back with a neat, close little rosette. Around the crown were twisted folds of the brown and green velvet. It was very like the third hat in the heading. Another, a pale, dainty, gray hat, wide-brimmed, had a tiny bow of gray velvet in the front, and on either side were laid two or three soft tips, the longest ones long enough to reach to the edge of the brim. A white alight rose from the center of the bow. The brim was not bent in any way at all, but the felt was so soft and fine that it drooped very gracefully.

Many girls can make pretty little turbans for themselves, using material like their gowns, twisting folds of it around the crown and fastening an alight in front or a quill at the side, whichever happens to be the most becoming. The first hat in the heading illustration is made of black astrakhan, which is to be very stylish, used in bands for trimming the gown, for the muff, and for the little turban. This one has a jetted alight and a few short loops of ribbon right in the middle of the front. The second hat is much like the sailor, except it has a rounded crown. One seen in the milliner's window was of dark-green felt edged with a narrow braid made of bright-red and tan-colored stripes together. This braiding, which is really very pretty, comes in several colors; in brown and tan it is a pretty finish for a brown hat. But this hat, to return to our original subject, was further trimmed with folds of red and green velvet around the crown and a bow of velvet in the front, with a feathery green alight. The trimming was so simple that it would be very easily done at home. The fourth hat is a tan-colored felt trimmed with dark-brown velvet and an ostrich tip. It is turned right straight up in the back without any hanks. These hats are often seen with a Tam O'Shanter crown of velvet that is very pretty.

"Mercury" wings, "donkey" ears, "Prince of Wales" tips, pompons, Alsatian bows, and alights are the most startling features of this year's hats. Every hat must have at least one of these trimmings in order to be truly stylish. The alight and the Prince of Wales tips take an variations, for the one is seen in beads as well as feathers, and the number of waving stems is not fixed. The other, though perhaps not rightly so, is also varied. One, two, or three upstanding tips or feathers are designated as the Prince of Wales trimming, and sometimes they are divided even, as in another illustration. But, then, American women do take liberties with hat trimmings.

Heavy laces, black and white, are used for trimming the hats. They are sometimes wired to take the form of "donkey's ears."

The last hat shown is one for a little girl. It is broad-brimmed, turned up at the back under a little rosette. A wide Alsatian bow and a small alight are the only trimmings. This is also a pretty way to trim the hats that have a brim wide in front and narrowed off in the back.



A PLAID AND WOOL COSTUME.

The plaid and wool costume is in shades of brown. The plaid, with large squares of dark-brown and white, is silk. The wool is lighter in color. The three little capes are lined with darker brown, and the collar is edged with brown feather trimming. The belt is of dark-brown velvet. It is stiffened with wigan, lined, and the velvet is put on with a few gathers at the ends, making it much prettier than a wide, straight band would be. The cape is fastened with a loop caught over the two brown buttons at the throat. The blouse of the plaid is made plain, slightly full, with a straight band of velvet for the collar, and velvet cuffs. The hat worn with it is a little dark-brown felt, trimmed with "donkey ear" loops of velvet, and an alight.

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A very pretty gown of rose-colored wool is made up with yoke and cuffs of velvet of a deeper shade. This makes a pretty combination, and some girls can wear old-rose so very well. The belt is of the velvet, but it also can be made with a few small folds instead of the straight band. The band around the skirt is not becoming unless the girl be quite tall—then she can wear it. For any other the skirt is better plain, as all such trimmings take away from the apparent height. The hat worn with it is one of black velvet with wavy brim, and pointed crown. The trimming is simple, an alight excepting one red rose in the center. This hat shows the upright trimming divided, but it is not always so pretty as in the cut.

An English magazine advises the following methods for keeping the hands in the best condition: A good soap, aided by a pinch or two of cracked oatmeal, may be used for a thorough cleansing to hot. Once a week they should be rubbed back and front and around the fingers with a piece of lemon. A very good camphor-ice for use when the hands chap can be made at home by melting pure white wax and dropping into it several drops of spirits of camphor, stirring the wax until it is about the consistency of cream. For hands that are very red, the same authority advises the use of glycerine, lemon-juice and rose-water in equal parts. Rub the hands at night with it, and draw on a pair of loose gloves. Tight sleeves and finger-rings that fit snugly will make the hands red.

A recipe for molasses cake that also can be vouched for as being more than ordinarily good, is to use one cup of molasses, one-half cup of sugar, two eggs (one egg is just as good, the girl who gave it to me said), two-thirds of a cup of ice water, one-half cup of butter, two even teaspoonsful of soda, three and one-half cups of flour, and one cup of raisins. Cinnamon, ginger, allspice, cloves, can all be added if desired. Some spices and the raisins are necessary. The soda must be put in the water, and then the part that dissolves goes into the cake, but the sediment in the bottom of the cup is not to be poured off into the mixture. The raisins are to be floured. The batter is made about the same consistency as ordinary cake batter.

The Moorish women are not allowed to go out, they are given no education, they have nothing to do but to gossip and drink teas as they sit around in the windowless houses in their gorgeous costumes of silk and satin and wonderful jewels. A man there may have four wives and divorce them for very trifling causes. The women who have no sons are usually divorced, and the one who has no children is almost sure to be. The husband is allowed to beat his wives, and generally their lot is an unhappy one. It is said that a missionary asked them "What do you do all day?" and one replied "We sit here."

Squares and circles of white silk stiffened with white wigan and lined are pretty for mats for a polished table or desk. The edges are finished with dainty ruffles of oriental lace.

A neat little gown made of rough wool goods, dark-green with a few tan and red threads caught in the weaving to mark off the large squares, is made up very plainly with a fitted skirt fastened with three velvet-covered buttons at the side. The close-fitting little waist is fastened down the side also, with buttons invisible under the jacket. The jacket is of dark-green velvet lined throughout with dark-green silk.

Pure white and ivory white are both used for wedding gowns, mostly the creamier shade, however, as it is generally more becoming to the complexion. Plain material—satin or silk—is prettier for this occasion than satin, striped or brocaded, though sometimes Empire trains, falling from the shoulder, are made of brocade and are very picturesque. In lace fine Brus-

sels points, Irish point, gimpure, honiton and other heavy white laces are worn a great deal, but the nicest thing of all is to wear old lace that has been in the family and has been worn by other brides for generations back.

Duchess potatoes make a pleasant variation in the ordinary ways of serving this useful vegetable. To make them, enough meaty potatoes to make a good dish are needed. These must be boiled dry, then while they are still hot they must be beaten with a silver fork. When they are fine and nearly two tablespoonsful of cream, one tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper to season, and the beaten yolks of two eggs are put in. Whip all these together until they are like cream and then with a few strokes mix in the whites of the eggs, which have also been beaten up until they are very stiff. When the mixture is cold cut it with a cake-cutter into squares or rounds and put them in a lightly-greased baking-pan. Place them in rows but do not let them touch each other. Brush over the tops and sides of the balls with white of egg when they begin to brown. Bake until they are nicely browned. Spread a napkin over a dish and serve the balls neatly on it.

A "Peanut Hunt" is lots of fun for an evening party. The hostess hides peanuts all over the room, sometimes putting two or three in the same place. Then she provides each of her guests with a little basket tied with gay ribbons and the "hunt" begins. After a certain time the "hunts" are compared. The one who has the largest number wins the first prize, while the "booby prize" is fittingly awarded to the one having fewest. Some other trials that are great sport are often introduced; one is to see who can carry the most peanuts in one hand from one table to another. A man ought to win this. Forty-two is said to be a good number by those who have tried it. Of course the winner is to be rewarded, while the "booby," too, must be consoled. The other trial consists in carrying potatoes from one table to another in a table or teaspoon. The better put on a table with a polished top. The one who can carry most potatoes from one table to the other in a given time wins. The tables must be quite far apart. It is not easy to scoop up the potato, and once scooped it is still difficult to retain.

To make bean soup either cook the beans overnight or for several hours during the day. Boil a pint of them in three pints of water and for flavoring use a bit of carrot and a little onion with either shavings of celery stalk or the celery salt. Strain it through a colander when it is done and then pour into one cup of hot cream or milk. Let it stay on the stove for a little longer and then serve it with little squares of toasted bread.



A pretty coat for a girl is of dark-blue with bands of black fur edging the cape and collar and down the front over the fastening. The long coat is made half-fitting, and the full sleeves over it are made to fall together. The coat fastens down one side of the front and is very graceful in shape.

White alpaca is very much liked for house dresses when it is made up with a lining of thin, white flannel. The flannel gives the gown a soft, clinging gracefulness, which with the pretty sheen of the alpaca makes it very dainty. These gowns are oftentimes made up with the neck cut out a little, either round or in a "V," and then trimmed with a wide, very full "bertha" of soft lace. The sleeves, half long, are also finished with a full ruffle of the lace. This is one of the most modest and simplest fashions for evening gowns, and yet it is very stylish.

The emerald is now a recognized rival of the diamond and ruby. This increase in popularity of the emerald that makes it "stylish," is as much due to the fact that it is getting scarce as to a keener appreciation of its beauty. A wonderfully beautiful stone, with its velvety green color, it always has been a favorite with beauty-lovers. The Greek name for it means "to shine," and the name "Esmeralda," as well as "Emerald," comes from this word. It was regarded as the stone of hope, joy, charity and abundance, and was reputed to have the power of healing many sicknesses, besides it could blind the most venomous serpent. Emperor Nero, who was slightly near-sighted, watched his gladiators at their contests through an emerald. Emeralds have been found in India and Persia; in olden times they were gotten from Egypt. South America and Mexico have produced some beautiful specimens. The Aztecs loved the stone, and had many beautiful ones cut exquisitely. The prettiest setting for the jewel is one of heavy gold.

ELAIN FOXMORR McCREERY.